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No. 177 Vol. IV.

# CITY JACKDAW

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APRIL 4, 1893.

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# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 177.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THOMAS was reading the Hebron case when Jack called in.

THOMAS: I have just been reading the Hebron case, and an account of the execution of a murderer in the county jail.

JOHN: I do not read any of these accounts of executions, for the same reason that I avoid reading of surgical operations; still, I regard them all as necessary evils.

THOMAS: Necessary evils? I am surprised to hear you say so. Executions are necessary? I am surprised. Where are your principles of Christianity if you can defend the public slaying of human beings?

JOHN: We borrow many of our laws from the Jews, and with them the punishment of death, which was inflicted for tempting to idolatry, murder, and blasphemy. For idolatry, by stoning to death, two witnesses being necessary to a conviction, the witnesses casting the first stones.

THOMAS: Well might a people tutored in this fearful school grow fond of executions. Nor can you wonder that they could crucify the Saviour.

JOHN: You remember the famous axiom, that "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed—"

THOMAS: It is all very well for you to shelter yourself and your friends behind the exact letter of Scripture, but surely you are ready to admit the highest humanitarian views as being necessary.

JOHN: The question is—What are the highest humanitarian views? Would you have murderers escape with imprisonment only?

THOMAS: I think so abrupt a question is closing the discussion far too soon. I wish to establish the point that a murderer has committed a crime that has put mankind out of court—that is, a crime which his competers are unable to cope with on ordinary principles.

JOHN: It would be far better for you to lay down the principles you deem sufficient for the protection of human life in any country, than to rail at the practices which obtain acquiescence in every civilised country.

THOMAS: Well, then, I conceive that a Christian people cannot properly inflict the punishment of death, because the idea of revenge should never be present in the administration of the law.

JOHN: Let me have your definition of the end and aim of punishment, wherever inflicted, and under whatever conditions.

THOMAS: I don't profess to be able to lay down a code of laws.

JOHN: But you allowed yourself to complain against one of our laws; give me a reason for your complaint.

THOMAS: I have reason enough. Your very mild, Christian, loving Church (I am lost in thinking upon all their fine assumptions) professes to teach that we should love one another, do good to them that despitefully use us, and yet, here you are defending executions, and I suppose you correctly represent the prevailing opinions held by your Church.

JOHN: I correctly represent the plain teaching of Scripture, but as for the teaching of our Church I can scarcely answer, because I never heard that the Church ever made any decision upon the matter. The Parliament of this country relieves the churches of the necessity of saying anything about the subject.

THOMAS: You keep wriggling out of one hole into another. The Parliament is supposed to be guided by the Church in such matters, and the Church has not, to my knowledge, made any protest against the practice of executing criminals.

JOHN: You forget my position in this conversation. I repeat, that a practice which has commended itself to all civilised people needs no apology, and, therefore, the Church may properly be assumed not to have made any decision upon the matter, because there was no necessity for its interference.

THOMAS: I see you are determined not to regard this question in the light of an outrage upon human nature.

JOHN: Nay, nay, friend, it is for you to defend an innovation proposed to be made in the law and practice of this country.

THOMAS: The country would be better off if more innovations were proposed and carried out.

JOHN: Let me hear your theory of punishments suitable for criminals who kill human beings—that is, your highly-spiced humanitarian laws.

THOMAS: You shall hear it. I am not ashamed to confess that I regard human life as so sacred that no man is entitled to lay violent hands upon the life of another man.

JOHN: But what would you do with those amiable people who have way-laid tramps, beggars, defenceless women, children, old people, and so forth, and cruelly murdered them in cold blood—that is, without any previous quarrel—and then only obtained a few coppers as plunder, many of such murders being done in the most horrible manner possible? Are these the men you would keep in an expensive prison, to wear out their unnatural lives?

THOMAS: Yes, even these. But you have not told me that your immaculate lawyers have made many mistakes, and hung many innocent men.

JOHN: No. The mistakes you speak of are mostly of old date, except Hebron's.

THOMAS: How many cases of the kind have occurred it is impossible to tell. The case of William Holden, and the three Ashcroft's, arrested at Manchester for the murder of two women at Pendleton, in 1817, is the strongest on record. These poor fellows died protesting their innocence, and in twenty-six years after a dying man confessed the crime.

JOHN: Oh, horrible! And that fellow had been walking about with a hell in his breast all that time, and dared not die with the secret unconfessed at last.

THOMAS: That was a case of circumstantial evidence, as it is called, and Hebron's was another. If Peace had killed himself by that leap from the railway carriage, Hebron would still have been in prison.

JOHN: I admit it, and you and I had better cry quits on that score, for your inhuman pets have oftener escaped undetected than your innocent men have been hung.

THOMAS: I believe that for all such a more terrible day will come.

JOHN: I think the present system of punishment is the best that will ever be adopted.

THOMAS: Why? How so?

JOHN: Because, if any extenuating circumstances do exist as tending to show aggravation, great passion, accident, or other evidence that premeditation or culpable neglect did not exist, the crime is said not to be wilful murder, and is accordingly reduced to manslaughter, and a lighter punishment inflicted.

THOMAS: But is that done so often as to be worth speaking of?

JOHN: It is. Some people have even said that we are drifting into a fashion of going out of our way to save the lives of felons of the blackest dye, and shamefully withholding necessary assistance from the poor, making paupers into thieves thereby.

THOMAS: It may be that much more humane solicitude exists than formerly; but a felon's lot is still anything but a bed of roses.

JOHN: Just so; but you started out with a wish for the entire abolition of capital punishment, and then these felons' beds of roses would have been much more numerous and thorny.

THOMAS: Well, well; but life is sweet, and the mistakes of juries and prosecutors too numerous to lightly pass over.

JOHN: Yes; and as sweet to those that are murdered as to anybody.

THOMAS: I know it is; but my impression is that to see the slow,

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dignified way in which a judge and jury hold a sort of inquest upon whether a man shall be put to death is a refinement of cruelty.

JOHN: You make a mistake, my friend. The slow, dignified trial is upon the question, did the prisoner wilfully, or otherwise, murder the deceased person? That is quite different to the way you put it. The end is the same, but the fact is as I have stated.

THOMAS: It is only a fine distinction—indeed, superfine.

JOHN: There is a point you have not raised.

THOMAS: What is it?

JOHN: If all the ends which may be served by the removal by murder of an obnoxious person are to be atoned for by a term of imprisonment only, the country would not be safe from vile wretches of all sorts.

THOMAS: There, now, I think you have produced your weakest possible argument.

JOHN: How so?

THOMAS: Because you cannot say the fear of death has saved the country from these murders you speak of.

JOHN: True, and don't you see that that very fact is a proof that no severity is sufficient to deter from crime.

THOMAS: Then why not be more humane?

JOHN: There's the point. If more lives are saved by the fear of the gallows than are sacrificed in the name of Justice, then is that law the most humane.

THOMAS: Ah! but is that so?

JOHN: It is reasonable to think so, for as nothing is held so dear as human life, so the fear of losing that life must be very powerful. Don't you think so?

THOMAS: Well, I think so, too.

JOHN: Very well, then, it follows that no civilised country can give up this punishment, because the Bible authorises the punishment, and it is approved by the public voice.

THOMAS: In the abstract, perhaps that is the case, but it is fearful to learn that a very great number of cases of mistaken identity have occurred in such an important matter as a trial for murder. Messrs. Chambers' have a pamphlet full of such instances, and for my part, unless a man was taken red-handed in the act, I would not risk the danger of error. In the Ashcroft case, the judge and jury were so satisfied of their guilt that an immediate verdict of guilty was returned.

JOHN: I agree with you that hanging has lost much of its terror, and that penal servitude has more of punishment in it, but I am not for making a clean sweep of the punishment.

THOMAS: The practice of the Continent might well be introduced, I think—that is, that a prisoner should have a final decision upon his case from a court of four or five judges, such as decide the cases of appeal in all important matters of property in this country.

JOHN: I agree with you. After all that has come out about evidence, the police, and circumstantial cases, where innocent men have suffered worse than even Hebron, I feel the dread execution of the law should be abolished unless the case is one of great atrocity, and the proof is without shadow of doubt. A common jury is of no use in such matters. It is not now the "palladium of liberty" Junius declared it to be, and in cases between man and man ought to have its decisions revised by a Court of Appeal. As between the crown and the people, or between constituted authority and the people, the jury is still a safeguard, and might be maintained. In future, however, persons under trial ought to be required to set up a theory of their own, instead of keeping their mouths closed as now.

The following, taken from "Memorials of Manchester Streets," by R. W. Procter, will show that the mistake in the case of young Hebron was not the first mistake of the kind made in Manchester:—

"Still lingering on the southern side of our ancient modernised Cathedral, and approaching the Mitre Hotel, we find no difficulty in deciphering a lengthy epitaph, which, to the careless gazer, shows nothing uncommon, but to the reader acquainted with the painful story of the forgotten sleeper at his feet, how much is the interest of the chiseled record increased! The value of adding cause to effect is efficiently demonstrated. A brief portion of the epitaph is all we require:—

'Also Margt. wife of the above Henry Marsden, who departed this life, April 26, 1817, aged 75 yrs.'

"At the date here given, Margaret Marsden, a widow, had been, during ten years, servant in the house of Mr. Thomas Littlewood, adjoining the Three-nooked Field, Pendleton. The family consisted of four persons—

the master and mistress, Margaret, and a young servant, Hannah Partington, aged twenty. Mr. Littlewood had a grocer's shop in Salford, where every Saturday he attended to meet his customers, the market people. On Saturday morning, the 26th of April, 1817, Mr. and Mrs. Littlewood went to their business as usual; at their return in the evening, they found several neighbours gathered near the house apprehensive of something wrong. A ladder being procured, the dwelling was entered by an upper window; and on descending, the two servants were found murdered—Hannah weltering in her blood on the floor, Margaret on her chair. A poker, bent and bloody, lay upon the dresser; a stained cleaver was also found. About one hundred and sixty pounds in notes and gold were missing, in addition to some plate and wearing apparel. Who had committed the crime? None could tell with certainty; but four men had been noticed hovering about during the day. Suspicion therefore attached to them: they were described, and speedily hunted down. Two were apprehended in St. George's Road, one in Silk Street, Newton Lane; the other at the Swan Inn, Sugar Lane: all on the following day. Committed to the assizes at Lancaster, the prisoners were thus arraigned before the Lord Chief Baron, in the month of August then next ensuing:—William Holden, forty-seven; James Ashcroft the elder, fifty-three; James Ashcroft the younger, thirty-two; David Ashcroft, forty-eight; John Robinson, fifty-three. The last-named was acquitted, there being no evidence to connect him either with the crime or with the other persons accused. The foreman of the grand jury was Edward Geoffrey Lord Stanley, then in his nineteenth year. In his charge to the petit jury, at the conclusion of the trial, the Chief Baron observed that the circumstances of the case were extraordinary; without doubt blood was spilled in considerable quantity, yet not a drop was visible on any of the prisoners; nor was any part of the missing property found upon them,—except, perhaps, the money, which could not be identified. But two of the prisoners had suddenly become possessed of bank-notes and gold, of which no satisfactory account was given. The strong favourable points he considered overbalanced by the general tenor of the evidence, which, though circumstantial, formed a connected chain. The prisoners solemnly denied any knowledge of the murder, but their denial went of course for naught. It is the peculiar and unavoidable hardship of accused persons—whatever the accusation may be—that their lips are virtually sealed, even against the truth. The jury almost immediately returned a verdict of guilty against all the four men, who were thereupon sentenced to death, to be followed by dissection. On Monday, 8th September, the execution took place. While upon the scaffold, William Holden said to the multitude, 'I am now going to meet my God, and in the face of Him I declare I am as innocent of the concern as the child yet unborn.' David Ashcroft said, 'You are all assembled to see four innocent men suffer. . . . I would not now tell a lie for all the world.' As soon as the elder Ashcroft came upon the scaffold, he kissed his son. After the ropes were affixed, they all sang a hymn which David gave out. It was the well-known hymn, beginning—

'I'll praise my Maker whilst I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:  
My hours of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.'

While they were singing, the drop fell." The crime was confessed, twenty-six years afterwards, by a man upon his deathbed.

## MANLY AMUSEMENTS.

NOT content with the amusement of thrashing their wives, some manly fellows have now taken to worrying rats, and other exhilarating and exalting means of recreation. A bricklayer's labourer, named Henry Stracey, has been distinguishing himself in the yard attached to a public-house, kept by Mr. Isaac Bratt, at Willenhall. Stracey was at Bratt's house when three rats were brought in for Bratt's dog to kill. Stracey undertook to kill them with his mouth, and the company adjourned to the yard. The rats were turned out of a bag on to a table, and fifteen men surrounded the table to prevent them getting off, while Stracey went through the performance of seizing and killing them with his teeth. He succeeded in killing two rats, but the third escaped from him and was killed by a dog. We are really a civilised people!

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## PEEL PARK MUSEUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—After reading the observations of your correspondent on the Peel Park Museum, and the reply of the Curator, I think it is a poor "get out" on the part of the latter to use the pen of contempt in his remarks on the Gibson collection. If, as he says, it was purchased out of the funds of the institution as an act of charity, it ought, in the least sense of the word, to be cared for in a spirit of charity, and if the twelve cases contain not one valuable specimen, the whole of them would look better to the eye of a visitor if the "uncorked cases" were cleaned and re-arranged, and the cases reduced in number, not left carelessly, to be eaten away and perish in absolute dirt. And if the seeds are shown in green window-glass they would look all the better, if exhibited in the most favourable light—not huddled together so as to detract from their interest. As to their being "weeds," the same power that created the oak created also the chickweed, and if the latter has maintained its place on the face of the globe it deserves one on the table of a museum. If the seeds of the earth are to be looked upon with an eye of favour or prejudice, there might be a salt placed in the centre of the table, and the aristocratic ones—palms, orchids, &c., the "weeds" of the tropics—might be arranged on the regal end of it, and the "weeds" of Britain take their place below the salt. If the common dog-daisy is looked upon with delight by the Japanese, its seeds must be worth a share of room in a museum. No doubt but Gibson worked very hard to collect these "weeds" and "common insects," and if he could not afford to "cork" his cases, and buy the clearest of glass, he ought not to be sneered at for his poverty and his industry. Many men respect him yet. As for the age of his collection—sixty years—it made "Waverley" famous. Age does not diminish the value of a treasure. Go to the British Museum, and you will find many a treasure there well cared for. Ask to see the Herbariums of Sir Hans Sloane or Sir Joseph Banks, and you find them under the best of protection. Even in Manchester, in the Free Library, you will find the Herbarium of the world-famed Dr. Dalton, and you may contrast his arrangement with the more finished of the present hour, but does this diminish its value? No. Its very quaintness gives it a charm in the eyes of the student or connoisseur, a feeling similar to that entertained when standing before a fine old painting when hung beside a *chef-d'œuvre* of some modern artist. If the remarks of the Curator, that "the Gibson collection be consigned to the flames" does not deserve what it is worth, at least we may pity him for his miserable "get out" for that which is little better than idleness. As the remarks made by your correspondent about the decay taking place among the stuffed birds and quadrupeds have not been replied to by the Curator, we may suppose that he acknowledges the fault.—Yours respectfully,

A LOVER OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Sir,—The admirable attempt which was made by the Curator of Peel Park Museum, in your issue of last week, to shuffle out of the plain facts stated in my former article is quite worthy of the man, who, a few years ago, attempted to do a similar thing in connection with an *exposé* of the state of the Library Catalogue. On that occasion he simply, and, as he thought, triumphantly, refuted the arguments and facts put forth by a correspondent of the *Salford Weekly News*, by the statement that the said correspondent lived in Hyde Road, and not Salford, and therefore knew nothing about the Peel Park institution. With the same consistent logic he now asserts that as I am wrong in supposing that the Gibsonian collection was a donation, whereas it was really bought out of the museum funds, as he puts it with grammatical elegance, for charity sake, that the remainder of my remarks must be also drawn upon my own imagination. At the same time he gives himself such a graphic picture of the present condition of both insects and seeds as fully bear me out in my statements. But why are they in such a state of ruin and exposure as he says they are? If the duties of a Curator do not allow of his taking care of the objects under his supervision, what are his duties? And why does he utterly ignore the other part of my article relative to naming and classification? He admits that it is four years since the shells were named and classified, but does not tell us why the naming and classification stopped at that point; what has he done since, even supposing that he did that? I am under the impression (I may be wrong, if so, perhaps Mr. Plant will set me right,) that the Curator of a public museum is only a public servant, and if the labourer is worthy of his hire, surely he ought to take some little modicum of pride in looking to the public convenience in all matters which come under his care. If he allows

his most valuable specimens to be eaten away (as they really are being), and three-fourths of the whole museum to ever remain unlabelled and unclassified, and if some specimens are allowed to disappear altogether from under his care, I, for one, should say that the whole remissness must proceed from either culpable negligence or sheer incapacity. As for the "worthless rubbish," as he calls the Gibson collection, it contains fine specimens of our rarest British *Lepidoptera*, as any entomologist will testify—except Mr. Plant, and the cases which he says are "kept as he left them" because they were "Gibson's once," are nothing near as full of specimens as formerly they were; and if the "clumsy work of an entomologist of sixty years ago" will not bear comparison with the greatest portion of "the fine and cleaner style" of the work in Peel Park Museum, where the sixty years' old work is so wilfully desecrated, I know where work of greater age than that may be found, to which even Mr. Plant's scientific wisdom would not venture to take objection. In conclusion, I venture to say that if any other public institution was found to be in such a condition as is the Peel Park Museum, the person or persons to whose neglect that condition was due would very soon be called to account.—I am, &c.,

Yours CORRESPONDENT.

## LOST—A MAJORITY!

"What! fifty of my followers at a clap?"—*Shakespeare*.

"Oh, my strength is failing fast," said the sea-king to his men.—

*Old Song.*

OH, what shall I do?" said the warrior chief,  
As he ruled at the Council board,  
"For my army diminishes past belief  
Each time I unsheath the sword.

"Over forty before, over forty to-day,  
Lessens down my majority good—  
Deserting by forties is not the right way  
To exhibit their *forti*-tude.

"When the scabbard I held to the Muscovite's eye,  
In hundreds my followers met,  
And the welkin rang with a 'Jingo' cry  
Which lives in my memory yet.

"Emboldened by such a reception, I next  
Drew sword on the poor Afghans  
With confidence great, but was sorely perplexed  
When I counted my partisans.

"I found my trained bands were deserting me quite,  
And heard cheers from the camp of the foe;  
But I'd still left sufficient the battle to fight,  
So I said, 'let the recreants go!'

"Then my weapon, unsheathed upon African soil,  
Flashed out in the tropical sun,  
And numbers again from my standard recoil,  
Ere the battle is fairly begun.

"And shall I go on in this desperate race  
(For Burmah is tempting one sore),  
Whilst my followers grow so unpleasantly less,  
Or the sword to the scabbard restore?

"Long years I've been forging its beautiful blade,  
And its hilt's with a coronet graced,  
But it will have to rest, to its scabbard conveyed,  
Or both I and the sword be displaced."

## TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

IS not this too bad? A correspondent says the following sensational bill was handed to him in the streets one day lately:—"The Salvation Army in the Salvation Temple, Grosvenor Street, C.-on-M. The following will appear in the First Meetings, on Sunday, March 23rd, under the command of Captain Booth with his Hallelujah Fiddle: Happy Joe, from Sheffield, Shaker Bill, from Blackburn, Salt Ted (who swallowed three homes), a Band of Hallelujah Lasses! The Champion Pigeon Flyer, and the Champion Wrestler, of Over Darwen, accompanied with the Hallelujah Brass Band, who will Play and Speak for God. Sunday, at 7, 11, 3, and 7, Week Nights at 8. Admission and Salvation Free. Song Books at the Door, Id."

**COSTUME AND DRAPERS' STANDS** (MADE TO ORDER.) **JOHN CHETHAM**, General Wire Worker, REMOVED from 6, LONG MILLGATE, to 29, TIB STREET, MANCHESTER. (Repairs neatly executed.)



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

#### WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT everybody will anxiously study the Budget to-day.  
That it would be expecting too much to expect everybody to be satisfied with it.

That the expenditure mounts higher and higher.

That we should not object to pay for our little wars abroad, and much misgovernment at home.

That the Afghans and Zulus must think we are a queer lot.

That—if we must fight, why don't we tackle our equals?

That Bishop Colenso says we have lost our reputation for fair dealing in South Africa.

That His Lordship ought to know.

That the two guns captured at Isandlana are now at Cetewayo's kraal. The Zulus are much puzzled as to how to work them, and the witch doctors are said to be busy administering magic medicines to the newly-acquired trophies!

That the Government majorities are growing less and less.

That at one time they could count on a majority of ninety or a hundred with perfect safety.

That their majority was sixty on Monday and six on Wednesday night this week!

That the *Courier*, nevertheless, tries to make its simple readers believe that it is quite contented.

That our P. D. is very angry at us for insinuating that he was wrong about the weather warnings last week.

That he declares he was right, as shown by the fact—as he puts it—that “having had no warnings we have had no weather lately.”

That a vote of want of confidence in Mr. Touchstone as a lecturer and political teacher was adopted at Heywood last week.

That what about the “mixed occupation” of Eastern Roumelia by the soldiers of the Great Powers?

That our dear friend the *Pall Mall Gazette* says the three Northern Powers have an enormous advantage over the irresolute disunited Governments of Western Europe, who find from time to time that the only way of keeping the peace and of keeping up some appearance of dignity is cheerfully to acquiesce in what they are hustled or bullied into.

That the P. M. G. solemnly says that this was our own position at Berlin; where our Plenipotentiaries found themselves in such a mesh of intrigue, in so formidable an environment of smiling menace and threatening cajolery, that they felt obliged to swallow the Treaty of Berlin as if they liked it.

That our contemporary is in a decidedly bad way once more.

That so is its client—poor, poor Turkey!

That the *City Jackdaw* suggested at the time that the Government should give at least £1,000 to William Hebron as compensation.

That it is now said this is the very amount which they mean to give him.

That Mr. Cross shows his wisdom in taking our advice.

#### BEACONSFIELD'S WREATH OF GOLD.

**A**NXIOUS to help on each and every good cause, the *City Jackdaw* begs to direct attention, once more, to the movement for presenting the Earl of Beaconsfield with a “wreath of gold.” We are afraid that the scheme is hanging fire. “A Believer in Lord Beaconsfield's Policy” writes as follows to the *Courier*:—“I am very wishful to know whether Manchester is taking any part in the project to present to Earl Beaconsfield a tribute from the Conservative working men of the United Kingdom. I cannot but think, though I hear nothing about it, the work must be going on quietly, since Manchester is a city whose people know how to value one whose wise policy and firm language to Russia have, we believe, saved India. For the information of those who may not have heard of it I would say that each subscriber, who must be a working man, contributes a penny. The tribute is to take the form of a wreath of gold, accompanied by an address bearing the name of each subscriber. Each leaf of the wreath is to have inscribed upon it the name of any county or town contributing five pounds. The design comprises also a handsome stand covered with crimson velvet, emblazoned with the arms of the Premier. If Manchester has not yet begun to collect the penny subscriptions, I would say at once up and be doing.” So say we. Beaconsfield richly deserves a wreath of gold from working men in return for all the blessings of war, bad trade, low wages and starvation which he has conferred upon them during the last five years! Does he not?

#### THE MAIDEN'S MOAN.

**M**ANY years ago a number of maids in Charlestown, South Carolina, presented a petition to Governor Johnson, which many a maid will sympathise with to-day. This was it. “The humble petition of all the Maids whose names are underwritten:—Whereas, We the humble petitioners are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our more youthful charms thereby neglected; the consequence of this our request is, that your Excellency will for the future order that no widow shall presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties; and likewise a fine to be laid on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids is that the widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merits beyond ours, which is a great imposition upon us who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will prevent any further insults. And we poor Maids, as in duty bound, will ever pray. P.S.—I, being the oldest maid, and therefore most concerned, do think it proper to be the messenger to your Excellency in behalf of my fellow subscribers.” There is much in this that is thoroughly applicable to the state of things in England now. Why should “widows presume to marry young men until all the maids are provided for?” Echo answers, “Why?” It is really too bad. No doubt, the “widows, by their forward carriages, do snap up the young men” quite as much to-day as then. Widows are naturally greater adepts at courting than maids; and, more than that, have often been so well provided for by their first husbands that their second husbands have only to hang up their hats and rest and be thankful. The whole question is one of such serious moment, and so closely affects the greatness and glory of the Empire, that it would be well, in these days of official inquiries, that the Government should appoint a Royal Commission to investigate it with a view to legislation.

“Some things,” said an excited American orator recently, “can be foreseen and foretold; and I now foresee, and I will now foretell, that the day will soon come when our liberties will be no more. This is as certain, my fellow-citizens, and it is as sure as that Rome founded Rome.”

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## JINGO JOURNALISM.

THE editor of the *Courier* is, without doubt, a famous man, and edits a famous paper. Every day almost we are indebted to him for some masterly effusion from his indefatigable pen. Sometimes we are treated with a heated defence of Lord Beaconsfield's administration, replete with honest indignation at Liberal presumption and cynicism, and Radical want of respect for ministerial virtues. At other times he descends from his lofty pedestal, and hurls defiant challenges at the head of "Verax." Or, at times, having punched the latter into an inanimate mass, and having satisfied the world and particularly himself that Mr. Dunckley is a *parvenu*, he becomes condescending, and ventures with matchless eloquence to indulge in words of solemn warning to runaway sheep, and to expose the follies of the Gladstone policy. But unless his articles abound in virtuous indignation, or are at all lacking in pugnacity, they must be considered a failure, or, at any rate, to be only on a par with the writings of ordinary mortals. It is not, however, the editor who alone possesses these remarkable abilities. The Parliamentary correspondent of the *Manchester Courier*, we consider, has a perfect right to share the laurels with his great chief. He has lately adopted the satirical style, and, as the readers of the *City Jackdaw* will perceive, has succeeded, but to a very limited extent. A paragraph which appeared in last Saturday's issue, is a *chef-d'œuvre*, on account of which we proceed to quote it in *extenso*.—"Mr. Lowe's mishap in the House this evening has caused no little amusement in the lobby. It was Mr. Forster's hat he seized, and in attempting to force it down over his brow, he did not improve the appearance of the rather wonderful-looking covering in which Mr. Forster delights. Mr. Lowe and Mr. Forster possess hats which, in age, general delapidation, and dust, resemble each other very closely. They differ only in the matter of size, and it was here that Mr. Lowe's vision played him false. He descried in the gloom two hats on the table. He clutched at one of them, and, as he explained afterwards, 'he could have declared by the feel of the brim' that it was his. All that was wanted, he thought, was a little extra pressure, and this he gave, inflicting the *coup de grace* on Mr. Forster's hat. Mr. Forster subsequently, I am told, attempting solemnly to put the ill used article in order was a spectacle never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it." This latter, in justice we must add, is a masterpiece of journalism; and no doubt the writer of it would acquire a great celebrity if he should ever be so fortunate, or, as some may think, so unfortunate as to become an editor of a paper. In it we are not favoured with the poetic fire which generally animates the contributors of the *Courier*; we have, on the contrary, a descent to "hats" and "dust," a descent, moreover, quite too marvellous. Instead of annihilating Mr. Lowe and Mr. Forster by a storm of biting sarcasm, the writer proceeds in a singularly graphic manner to show that those gentlemen, besides erring in political life, are also devoid of ordinary taste in private life. Henceforth, of course, we can have no doubt as to the wretchedness of Liberal statesmanship. A politician with a dirty hat is a fault absolutely too unpardonable. One cannot wonder that the House should support Lord Beaconsfield like one man. It makes one shudder to think of such awful depravity. It can hardly be a matter of surprise now that Her Gracious Majesty the Queen should hesitate to employ such men as her advisers. They would justly be an offence to Royalty. But in addition to possessing a dirty hat, which the correspondent, who seems to have observed the scene very studiously, no doubt accurately describes as being similar in all respects to Mr. Forster's, except in regard to size, Mr. Lowe seized on the wrong one, and pulling it down over his brow thereby damaged it, or, as is more elegantly described in the original, inflicted the *coup de grace* on it. Who could imagine a true Statesman performing such an act? One point to which special attention seems to be called is the language of the Right Honourable gentleman. Mr. Lowe averred the hat was his, as "he could have declared by the feel of the brim." Is this the language of a British statesman? The correspondent of the *Courier* is, at any rate, a man of sensitive taste, and his soul revolts from such commonplace language. One would naturally expect that Mr. Lowe, on perceiving this mistake, would have made it the subject of some witticism, instead of being satisfied with such a trivial remark. If Lord Beaconsfield had been in his place he would have startled the house by some poignant sarcasm or elaborate hit. One can very well imagine our gifted Premier in such a fit delivering a long speech to a brilliant audience, and, amidst universal applause, come out with one of his home-made phrases such as "hair-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity," etc. To put the destinies of a country into the hands of a man who wears a dilapidated hat, and who has

not even the intelligence to recognise it when before his nose, is a subject well worthy of the most serious consideration. But, when that man not only commits such an unpardonable blunder, but also heightens the crime by making such a commonplace remark, it behoves the electors of the London University to consider whether they are right in retaining such a man in Parliament. Assuredly the Parliamentary correspondent of the *Courier* is a great luminary, and no doubt will astonish the world at no remote period. Satire, one must allow, is always to be admired—that is to say, satire of a certain description. But when a human being, presumably gifted with ordinary reasoning power, pours contempt upon you because you have an ungainly figure, or a nose of preternatural dimensions, and who denies that there is admittance for you in the place of the righteous because you happen to possess a hat not altogether in the fashion, you naturally begin to wonder at his presumption. We were told lately by an advanced Jingo that the *Manchester Courier* is making a name for itself. This may be quite in accordance with the truth, though, as far as we have been able to see from the courteous epithets from time to time applied to political opponents, it seems to have only made them for other people.

## THAT WEDDING.

THE following has come to hand. We publish it, though, as our "Special" has not yet returned, we cannot guarantee the exact correctness of this account. We are rather anxious to see and cross-examine our valuable servant, being certain of one of two things—either the Sunny South does not agree with him, or he "lieth" somewhere in Manchester dreaming dreams:—

## THE GRAND PROCESSION.

[FROM OUR OWN SPECIAL.]

As promised last week, I resume the thread of my narrative. I feel somewhat seedy after my excessive labour, and would not trouble to write this but for the knowledge that your numerous readers would never forgive me did I disappoint them after promising them this treat.

It was a procession! Bless you, we Lancashire people nint worth a fig in the process business. First came two fellows in gold blowing rams-horns, then the master of the chimbleys, then the lady's maids dressed up like men, then a German band, then some more servants, then the happy couple, then the Queen (God bless her). After that the guests. Were they not swells! Lord Beaconsfield appeared in his favourite character, that of the pence-maker, having a carving knife in one hand and a full-sized dab of mud in the other. Sir Stafford had his pockets filled with the surplus he will have to present to Parliament one of these days, having brought it with him for fear it got lost. The Chinese Ambassador was walking with other members of the Government anent the inquiry of raising the duties on tea. Mr. Charley and Colonel O. O. Walker formed two cyphers in the procession, that is, they were not there. J. W. McL. was invited, but, having to attend to the gas meter at the Club in Cross Street, could not be present. Slowly and grandly they filed down the aisle, and into the carriages. Amid the plaudits of the crowd they passed to the Castle; your valuable servant being now attired as a flunkey, and perched on the board of the last carriage (hire of one coat, 7s. 6d.; one hat, 5s.; one pair plush, 7s. 6d.; one white tie, 2s. 6d.; powder, 1s. 6d.; stuffing for stockings, 6d.; total, £2. 4s. 6d., charged in note of expenses). At the Castle gate a halt occurred. Here, in a wagon drawn by 16 (sixteen) mules, sat the assistant Chancellor of the Exchequer. Around him in numerous empty boxes was placed the vast sum remaining from the surplus left by Mr. Gladstone, and that left of the six millions voted last year. In a moment of generosity, the Commons had resolved to show their esteem for the newly married pair by presenting them with this grand testimonial and fabulous sum. When Prince Arthur saw this he shed tears, and in a touching and affecting speech gave his I O U for the amount required. I am informed on the highest authority I can reach (viz., the under-housemaid) that the reason Mr. Gladstone was not invited was that the Queen feared he might be overcome by the sight of such unbounded generosity with money saved by him. I do like, sir, to see the development of such kindly consideration for the feelings of others, so I repeat what I have often done lately, i.e., I drink her Majesty's health.

I got into the castle, and served at that *déjeuner*. Didn't they tuck in! And didn't we in the kitchen follow suit! I enclose a piece of the cake for you. (It cost 50s. per lb.; I send 1lb = 12s. 6d. in bill of ex's.) As I said before, I have drunk some healths lately, so many that I really can't remember more about the procession, so please send me a cheque to bring me home, as I've borrowed all the money I can up here, and shall have to pay back if you don't send for me soon.—Yours Windsorly, N. B.

WEDDING RINGS, 1s. 6d.,

cannot be told from 22-carat gold. LOCKETS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. BROOCHES, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. EARRINGS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. ALBERTS, 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. All the above cases with gold and warranted to wear well. Sent post free. Catalogues post free. CARRINGTON & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 378, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

## IN RE WILLIAM TOUCHSTONE.

**T**OUCHING Touchstone we have something very touching to say to-day. Everybody knows that among the many great men in Manchester Mr. William Touchstone is one of the greatest. He is a busy, busy man—organising, lecturing, upholding the Constitution, writing exclusive paragraphs for the *Courier*, demolishing the Liberals, and glorifying William Touchstone anywhere and everywhere. One night lately he was at Heywood lecturing on the vital question, "Is the present Government responsible for Bad Trade?" The *Heywood Advertiser*, recognising the importance of the occasion, devotes three precious columns to a report of the proceedings. About six hundred persons were present. If Mr. Touchstone can do anything, he can certainly "draw." Mr. John Kay presided, and, as was only proper, "the platform was appropriated by the active members of the Conservative party." Mr. Touchstone's lecture was a great success. How could it be otherwise? He proved beyond doubt that bad trade does exist. He also demonstrated, with mathematical precision, that, though trade had been good up till the time the present Government came into power, we had no right to blame them for our present misery. So far, so well. Then came the "heckling;" and no candidate for Parliamentary honours was ever "heckled" as Mr. Touchstone was at Heywood that night. We are truly sorry for Heywood. If we mistake not, the men of Heywood know a great deal too much—at least, for Mr. Touchstone. Mr. William Bell asked the lecturer if he could point to any other period than the last five years during which the exports had decreased more than £60,000,000 in value. More than that, Mr. Bell appealed to Mr. Touchstone as to whether, if he wanted to build a house he would employ a lot of tailors, and, if he wanted some good clothing turning out he would go down to Mr. Horrock's joiners' shop for men to do it. A majority of the House of Commons was not got from the towns but out of the £12 suffrage class in the counties. He held that agriculturalists were not the men to govern a great commercial country, and he asked the lecturer if he thought they were. As if Mr. William Bell had not been sufficiently cruel, Mr. John McCutcheon next made a terrible onslaught on poor Touchstone. He wished to ask if the policy of the Government in fighting for a "scientific frontier" had nothing to do with bad trade, and if it did not take money out of the country, which might have been spent on Blackburn cloths? also, if it had anything to do with reducing the exports from 260 millions to 188 millions. He also wished to know if it had not been an instruction to all Governor-Generals of Canada, previous to the Marquis of Lorne, that all questions of tariffs were to be referred to the Home Government, and if a Tory Government, which had got into power out there, was not now proposing duties of 12 and 13 per cent upon English manufactures? This was simply terrible. But—showing no tenderness towards Touchstone in his deep distress—Mr. G. N. Hodgkinson must also have his say. He asked the lecturer if he considered the action of the Government in regard to the National Debt satisfactory. He said they had reduced the debt. Yes, they had reduced it £1,700,000 during their five years of office, and Mr. Gladstone reduced it £26,000,000 during the same period. He had also told them that Mr. Gladstone did not leave an actual surplus of £6,000,000 in the exchequer. He admitted that that was so. But the £6,000,000 would have accrued by the income being larger than the expenditure, and it would have gone to reduce the National Debt. If they would compare the last year of Mr. Gladstone's with the last year of this Government, they would find that the former reduced the debt £6,000,000. The lecturer had also said that Mr. Gladstone levied heavy taxation, and he would like to know what the Tories were doing that they did not object to it at the time. He would ask the lecturer was it true that Mr. Gladstone, during his term of office, reduced the National Debt £26,000,000, and the present Government only £1,700,000, and had we now got also a floating debt of £10,000,000? Then there was the Local Government loans which were referred to. He would like to know what loss accrued to the Government by lending money at 3½ per cent which they could borrow at 3 per cent. This was too much. No lecture was ever pulled to pieces as Mr. Touchstone's was. No lecturer was ever so roughly—we might even say rudely—handled as Mr. Touchstone was. Of course, the storm was succeeded by a calm; and "the meeting closed with the usual votes of thanks to the lecturer and the chairman?" Nothing of the kind. They don't do things in that way at Heywood. The men of Heywood—the naughty fellows that they are!—mean what they say and say what they mean. Mr. John Kershaw proposed and Mr. Wm. Pollitt seconded a vote of thanks to Mr. Touchstone for his "able lecture." Mr. James Brookes submitted an

amendment. Let the *Heywood Advertiser* tell the rest of the sad tale:—"The resolution was put, and about 100 hands were held up in favour of it. When the contrary was put a forest of hands were shown, and the resolution was lost." We weep! We condole with Mr. Touchstone; we moan and groan for Heywood! By the way, has the *Courier* had its usual Touchstone paragraph about the affair?

## A LAMENT ON THE DECLINE OF POETRY.

[BY A. SILLIMAN.]

**A**LAS! for this degenerate age,  
When "Mammon Worship" is the rage,  
The Muse is overmatched;  
Her worn-out mantle hangs in rags,  
And Inspiration slowly drags,  
Whilst Pegasus—is "scratched."

The "winged horse" is halted grown,  
A "broken-winded" hack or roan,  
And ambles like an ass.  
We never quaff "Castalia's flask"  
(Though once a most delightful task),  
But guzzled bottled "Bass."

Bright Hippocrene is running dry,  
No more the fickle Muses try  
To thrill the favoured few.  
Mount Helicon! thy fount we scorn,  
For now, too oft, Hebe fills the horn  
With real "Mountain Dew."

Thy fountains such neglect will choke,  
The slight is one we cannot cloak,  
To deprecate, would mar it;  
But "sit" prefers to make a mark  
In trade, and fatten as a clerk  
Than starve up in a garret.

We hear no mighty deeds to praise,  
No stalwart arm, for now-a-days  
Don Quixote ain't so big.  
For Leander, or hero's fate,  
For warlike fact, historic date,  
We do not care a fig.

We've no Rowena fair to see,  
To whom the victor bends the knee,  
Then falls with deathlike moan.  
Sir Walter's haughty lip may curve,  
But now, a suitor must preserve  
A balance of his own.

The days of minstrelsy are past:  
Its setting sun—bright to the last—  
Has sunk to meet its fate.  
Poetic fire has died away  
Since Homer begged, or sang a lay  
To please the "empty great."

Could I those halcyon days renew,  
When Pan his reeds so blithely blew  
In fresh arcadian vales.  
Oh! could I, with one desperate leap,  
Catch Father Time and stop his feet  
By grasping his coat tails.

Our "comic bard" is now a frump,  
A dirty, bullet-headed chump;  
With hands red as a carrot,  
He writes in "pubs," and smokes and drinks,  
And no doubt inwardly he thinks  
A-poll-o means a parrot.

Parnassian springs are run to earth—  
'Tis only now we know the worth  
Of such a sacred flood.

Thalia's mantle, threadbare worn,  
Can scarce suffice, when ragged and torn,  
To make a second Hood.

THESE Irishmen are such funny fellows. One of them, on visiting his friends recently, was received with such excessive hospitality, and drank so hard, that he departed in a shorter time than was expected. When asked the reason for this sudden curtailment of his stay, he very gravely said that "he liked them so much, and ate and drank so incessantly, that he was sure if he lived there a month longer he should die in a fortnight."



## TRAM AND TRAIN TALK.

[BY A TOWN TRAVELLER.]

"DID not see you at the meeting of the Chetham Society?"  
 "No. I have been out of town for a month. Who has been elected in the place of Canon Raines?"  
 "Mr. William Beaumont, of Warrington."  
 "Mr. Beaumont is a good antiquary, but this is an odd time for paying him a compliment of that kind."  
 "Why?"  
 "Because a brother antiquary has charged him with literary appropriation, 'convey, the wise it call.'"  
 "But has he offered no explanation?"  
 "None, as yet; no doubt he can and will."  
 "Mr. Crossley, in his speech, mentioned a clergyman who always quoted from Isaac Ambrose, the Nonconformist, under the impression that he was Saint Ambrose. He would not tell the name. Do you know who he was?"

"Seven letters spell the name,  
 But I dare not breathe the same,  
 Tho' 'twas widely known to fame."

"So there has been trouble again over the hanging of the pictures at the Exhibition of the Manchester Academy."

"There always is trouble; but it has been worse than usual this time, and the man whose landscapes have attracted most attention has resigned."

"Well, he was not so well hung as he might have been; but I should hope he will abandon his intention of cutting adrift from his old friends here."

"Has the exhibition been a success?"

"Yes, in everything but the sales!"

FIRST CATTLE DEALER: Ay, he thought he was goin to catch a flat, but I never oppent my mouth till th' reet chance came, then I gave my bid, and o th' lot were knocked down to me. I bought a dozen, and I sold three on 'em for more than they cost me o together."

SECOND CATTLE DEALER (reflectively): That wor a stroke.

THIRD CATTLE DEALER (admiringly): That wor a stroke.

FIRST CATTLE DEALER (triumphantly): That wor a stroke. Yo'll be for coin somewhere for a drink.

SECOND CATTLE DEALER: Nay, I reckon nowt o' that. Aw've had nowt stronger nor tay for two years.

THIRD CATTLE DEALER: I've been teetotal for seven years.

FIRST CATTLE DEALER: An' I've been forty year bowt drink. I may nowt on it, specially for young fellows. They may think they'll stop at a glass, but they'll get drunken sooner or later. If a mon likes to do his work gradely he'll addle enuff to enjoy himself in a better fashion. Some folk are freestn't 'at they'll dee afore they'n had their fair share. They're like pigs, so greedy that they thrutch both mouth and feet into th' trough.

"We're losing our curate."

"I'm sorry for that. He was a decent fellow."

"Yes, we could have spared the rector better."

"Hadh't you heard?"

"No."

"He lodged with old —, the incumbent. How do you think he was told he had to leave?"

"How?"

"The old parson, although he lived in the same house, sent him word on a post-card."

"The Bishop presided with his usual business ability at the preliminary meeting of the Social Science people."

"Yes, he asked what were the learned societies of Manchester in a tone that implied the existence of such an article was impossible in a commercial place. I wonder if he ever heard of our Literary and Philosophical Society, which has for president the first physicist in Europe. There is probably no place in the kingdom, out of the metropolis, where societies for literary and scientific investigation are so numerous and so active."

"It would be one of his little jokes."

"Yes; but people should recollect that there are so many fools ready to sneer at learning, that wise men need not trouble themselves to do so at all."

## A FAMOUS BONE-SETTER.

ISAAC MILBURN, of Longhoughton, is perhaps the most famous bone-setter that the world has ever known. Beginning life as a joiner, he soon discovered that bone-setting, and not cart-making, was his forte. For a short time he served as a gamekeeper, and it is said that he was in the habit of taking hares and rabbits alive, and putting out first one joint and then another till he had any number of them lying limp and powerless, temporarily deprived of all use of their locomotive organs, only to have the satisfaction of subsequently replacing the dislocated joints and watching the timid creatures scamper off when released from their helpless condition. Isaac is now eighty-four years of age; but, old as he is, he continues to visit different towns in Northumberland on fixed days, and to cure those who seek his services. From a long and able notice of Isaac and his work in the *Newcastle Courant* we take the following interesting extracts:—  
 "In cases innumerable Isaac's services have been called in as a last resort, when all hope of aid from diplomaed surgeons had vanished, and the prospect of either lameness for life or the grave itself was too near to be pleasant. A young man belonging to one of the Tyneside towns—it would not do without his sanction to be more specific—sustained an injury to his knee by what was at the time thought to have been a simple fall. After some delay surgical advice was taken, and many measures were prescribed to alleviate the pain, but without success. Weeks of constant suffering and sleeplessness began to tell upon the patient's general health, which ultimately gave way to such an extent that his case became one rather for the physician than the surgeon. To his family, as well as to their doctor, it became daily more and more evident that the young man was suffering from consumption, and that the state of his knee might have been occasioned and perhaps aggravated by the fall, but beyond a doubt the lameness resulted from constitutional causes. Accordingly he was ordered inland for a change of air, and so he resorted to Morpeth, where he had to place himself under the care of a doctor, who also believed in the constitutional theory of his condition, and treated him accordingly. His landlady having heard the history of his ailments, persuaded him to consult Isaac, who found him to be suffering from a dislocation. Having given him certain oils to rub the part with, he was able at his next visit to replace the joint: and to his doctor's great surprise when next he went to visit him, he was walking outside the house with the aid of only a stick, instead of moving about on two crutches, an apparently dying man. 'How's this come about?' was the first salutation. 'O, I've been to Isaac.' 'D—n Isaac!' and the learned Esculapius turned on his heel and walked away. On one occasion he was carried off through the intervention of a distinguished personage to see what he could do for a lady concerning whom no questions were to be asked, and who would receive him at a certain railway station south of Carlisle. Arrived there, he found a special train standing, and in a saloon carriage he was received by the unknown lady, who was attended by others with much ceremony. Isaac was able to adjust the injury in the limb submitted to his inspection, and he returned home without even learning who the mysterious patient was. Whoever she may have been, it is unhesitatingly affirmed in Northumberland that a once fashionable halt in the gait of ladies disappeared almost simultaneously with the date of Isaac's visit to the out-of-the-way railway station, and the superb saloon carriage there drawn up. It is said that the old man is as familiar with every ligament, tendon, or sinew in the body as with every bone, even the minutest, in the framework or skeleton on which the fleshy tabernacle is built. In this department he is as skilled as in that of bone-setting. One of his most remarkable cures was that of a soldier, who had served during the Indian Mutiny. In one of the battles he was shot in the breast, the bullet escaping just behind his shoulder. He recovered from his wound, but with an arm that hung powerless by his side. The regimental surgeons certified him as unfit for further service, and he was accordingly discharged with the usual pension. Returning to his home in Northumberland, he went about as a 'broken soldier,' with no prospect but to eke out, it might be a long life, on the slender bounty granted by his grateful country. His friends, however, took heart of grace, and induced him, notwithstanding the opinion of the army doctors as to his permanent disablement, to submit his arm and shoulder to the inspection of Isaac. To the astonishment and surprise of all, Isaac declared that the blow of the bullet had put his shoulder out, and ultimately proved the truth of his discovery by putting it in, and restoring to the pensioned soldier the use of his arm, which for many long years after took its fair share with the other in the heavy lifts demanded of a mason's labourer." Isaac has been a benefactor to his native county, and we are glad to hear of a movement on foot for presenting him with some token of gratitude.



## DRINK, BOYS, DRINK!

ASK any hotel-keeper in Manchester or Salford and he will tell you that the bad times are affecting even the drink traffic. But Mr. William Hoyle—one of the first authorities on the subject—declares that we are drinking as much as ever. He says it appears from the Excise Returns that the total amount spent on intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom during last year was £142,188,900, against £142,007,231 in 1877, being an increase of £181,670, notwithstanding the terrible depression of trade prevailing. It is also to be noted that while wine and spirits—supposed to be drunk mainly by the upper and middle classes—have fallen off, near two millions sterling, the consumption of beer, which is generally allowed to be the beverage of the working classes, has increased more than two millions sterling. The expenditure in the seven years ending 1863 was £636,155,577, while in the seven years just ended it amounted to £987,320,671, being an increase of £351,165,014, or more than 55 per cent, whereas the population has in the same period increased less than 15 per cent. Mr. Hoyle adds—The entire value of all our exports for the four years ending 1878 was £815,000,000, being £171,000,000 less than the money which the nation spent on drink during the seven years just ended. If to the drink expenditure we add the indirect cost and losses resulting therefrom, it would increase the drink bill by at least £1,000,000 per annum, and it would show a national loss far exceeding the total of all our foreign trade. Who is right—Mr. Hoyle or the publican? The one says we are drinking more and more; the other avers that we are gradually becoming a sober people.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

TENNYSON, after being silent for a long time, has again broken out in song. The London correspondent of the *Evening News* gives the following graphic sketch of his appearance:—"It is not often that Mr. Tennyson is seen about London, and considering the guy that he makes himself, it is well for his own peace of mind that he so rarely comes within the ken of our sharp-witted street arabs. I met this remarkable man in one of the parks the other day, and this was his appearance. He looked tall, somewhat stout, round-shouldered, and he walked with a stick, as though the gout were hanging about his legs or feet. He had a long beard which almost buried his face, and wore a pair of large, round, Chinese-looking spectacles. He had on a weatherworn felt hat, very broad brimmed, dark trousers, gaiters, several undercoats or jackets, covered over all by a thin, shabby-looking red-tweed dust coat, buttoned very tightly, as though it were much too small for him. Dangling outside from what should have been a clean white shirt front was a pair of large gold-rimmed nose-spectacles. He was one of the oddest-looking creatures I have ever seen out of a Mormon meeting."

ISAAC D'ISRAELI prefigured his son Ben's "accidental" rise and acts when he remarked in his "Literary Character on Wilkes":—"Men who have ascended into office through its gradations, or have been thrown upwards by accident, are apt to view others in a cloud of passions and politics. They who once commanded us by their eloquence, come at length to suspect the eloquent; and, in their "pride of office," would now drive us by that single force of despotism which is the corruption of political power."

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following:—"Question: In what way has the Queen proved herself to be a good dressmaker? Answer: Because She has well lined Miss Africa's Cape with Her-men.—Question: Why has the Queen gone to Italy? Answer: With an eye to roam (Rome)."

WHY do working men and others not go to church and chapel now-a-days? We cannot say; but perhaps they might go if our clergymen and ministers would imitate the example of a Bristol brother. About service time he marches through the streets dressed in a white surplice and ecclesiastical hat. In one hand he carries a book marked with a large red cross, and in the other a bell, which he rings as he walks. He continually cries, "Come to church," and has with him a boy carrying a lantern. He is, of course, followed by a large crowd, and has a huge congregation. To such as now preach to empty pews, we say "Go and do likewise!"

WHAT about servant girls' wages? They don't seem to be suffering any reduction these dull times. Why not? In the United States, as well as

here, the high rate of servants' wages is being seriously discussed. "What is the remedy?" asks one. "If the ladies in our cities, towns, and villages will seriously consider this matter and act in concert, the evil will be very soon cured. Let them form ladies' clubs, decide upon a fair scale of wages, and then conscientiously abide by it." There can be no doubt that if trade does not mend soon, servant girls will have to do with less wage or go idle altogether.

AN American contemporary has been asked, "Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" It replies, "We see no impediment in the way. But if he is a member of a brass band, and is given to practising on his cornet or trombone at home, it is an impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian."

A TRAVELLER, lately describing a tropical shower, wrote to a friend in the following words:—"The raindrops were extremely large, varying in size from a shilling to eighteen-pence."

A FRENCHMAN cannot pronounce "ship." The word sounds "sheep" in his mouth. Seeing an ironclad, he said to a boy, "Is dish a war-sheep?" "No," answered the boy; "it's a ram."

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman to a dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they cannot see your ears."

"Pa," said a little boy, "a horse is worth a great deal more, isn't it, after it's broke?" "Yes, my son. Why do you ask me such a question?" "Because I broke the new rocking-horse you gave me this morning."

THE other day the professor of German asked an unregenerate junior what the gender of a certain noun was. The junior quickly replied—"I think it is neuter, sir. At anyrate it is neu-ter me."

"WERE you never in a court of justice before?" asked a magistrate of a witness who was conducting himself in a very unseemly manner. "No, never," replied the man, "but I've often been up before the magistrates."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth.

- "M. R."—No.
- "W. G."—Yes.
- "Poet."—Not a bit of it.
- "R. L. N."—You may try again if you choose.
- "Nil Desperandum."—We advise you to give in.
- "G. R."—A person who carries tea about the country for sale requires a hawkers' license.
- "E. B."—The income of the Archbishop of Canterbury is £15,000, which is derived from Church funds.
- "Shakspeare."—A policeman must have a warrant before he can legally enter a private house to make a search.
- "D. F."—The master is bound to pay the wages agreed upon in the indentures whether he can find work or not.
- "Wife."—The second husband is liable only to the extent of such property as may have come to him by marriage.
- "A. L."—If the house was taken by the week, a week's notice is enough, although the rent may be paid at monthly intervals.
- "J. L."—If your income renders you liable to income tax, you can be made to pay whether you have made a return or not.
- "W. H."—If the removal of the goods was clandestine, the landlord can follow them and detain within thirty days.
- "B. C."—A husband is not responsible for the maintenance of his wife, if she leaves him voluntarily and without sufficient cause.
- "H. and R."—Corkey covered 521 miles in 5 days 19 hours, at the Agricultural Hall, London, in his walk with Rowell, Weston, and others.
- "H. A. G."—Last year, in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race, Oxford won by ten lengths. In the previous year it was a dead heat.
- "A Subscriber from the First."—From the ignorance you display we imagine your patronage dates from Tuesday last. That was "the first," you know.
- "Volunteer" should surely know the best marksman in the First Manchester, if there ever was one before the present. After all, what does it matter? Surely there "is nothing in an aim."
- "Off the Red" must be off his chump. John Roberts, jun., is not the General Roberts now fighting the Afghans. The latter is doing good work on the spot, and the former is not far off. Both are good at sending the balls about, but we should back the young un for cannoning.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

**TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC** gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6 of chemists.

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### Ayer's Optic Fluid.

Cures all Diseases of the Eye and Dimness of Vision. Gives immediate beneficial results. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Canton's Neuralgo-Rheumatic Elixir.

For the immediate relief and permanent cure of Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Gout. Three bottles will permanently cure the worst case. Sold in bottles at 5/- each, or 3 for 10/-

### Dent's Anti-Fat Remedy.

For the removal of corpulence. It is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. It acts upon the food in the stomach, preventing its being converted into fat. It will reduce a fat person from three to six pounds a week. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

### Reid's Kidney Remedy.

It is not a CURE-ALL, but for diseases of the Kidneys and the Bladder it is a SPECIFIC. It is convenient to carry, pleasant to take, and does not taint the breath, and positively cures all forms of Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

### Potter's Alkaline Resolvent.

For Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, and Accumulation of Gas on the Stomach. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Phosphoric Air.

A medicated vapour for the immediate relief and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, and all forms of Throat Diseases, Epilepsy, Loss of Vigour, Impotence, and all Diseases of the Lungs, Air Passages, Nerve Centres, and Brain. Do not despair, hesitate, or doubt, for it never fails, and is truly a Specific. It is a medicated vapour applied on a new and scientific principle, the use of which has saved thousands from a premature grave. To persons suffering from Lung and Nervous Diseases, it is invaluable, as it goes at once to the air passages and brain, imparting tone, vigour, brain power, and vital force to the most depressed. Being very pleasant to use, it can safely be taken by the most delicate. One Month's Treatment and Inhaler sent securely packed to any part of the country on receipt of 20/-

### Holden's Ear Drops.

A sovereign cure for Deafness and Discharges from the Ear. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

### Henley's Headache Pills.

For immediately relieving and permanently curing all forms of Nervous and Neuralgic Headache. Sold in boxes at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Arnold's Vitaline.

This is a beautiful nervine, possessing the power of curing nervousness. It also relieves and cures morbid sensibility of the nerves, weak nerves, nervous twitching and tremulousness. Sold in bottles at 5/- and 7/6 each.

### Arlington's Bloom of Violets.

For beautifying and restoring the complexion.—Ladies, do you want a pure blooming complexion?—If so, a few applications of Arlington's Bloom of Violets will gratify you to your heart's content. It removes sallowness, redness, pimples, blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It makes a lady of 35 look like 20; and so naturally and perfectly are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Butler's Vigorine.

The Famous Hair Producer. It produces hair on the head and face in the shortest time of any preparation before the public. Sold in bottles at 2/6 and 4/- each.

### Allen's Constipation Pills.

For the cure of Constipation and Piles. Sold in boxes at 2/6 and 4/- each.

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# BEN BRIERLEY'S JOURNAL.

## NEW SERIES.

The New Series has been received with unanimous approval by the Press. The following are some of the notices which have been given:—

This deservedly popular magazine appears in a new guise. It has turned over a new leaf—not a better one, for that was impossible; but a larger, and altogether more imposing one. A new series has been commenced, and a new volume, and the issue has been much enlarged, to the advantage of the amused and interested reader, and, in the long run, to “Ab” himself. The first monthly part has come to hand, and its contents make up a respectable volume themselves. It will be found that the stories and sketches are of the usual high-class and racy kind, Mr. Brierley himself contributing largely to the pages. “Ab” writes, for example, “An Owd-Fashint Kesmas,” “Eaur Soup Kitchen,” and others, amongst which the “local farce” of “The Three Buckleys” deserves special mention. The principal hero, or what might by a stretch of—shall we say courtesy—be called the “heavy villain” of the piece, is a Saddleworth lad, who put his foot in everything. Here is a specimen of the character. When he is asked to take off his overcoat he exclaims, “I wear no topcoat; do I hecky as like! What! an owd Saddlewo’th Buckley lapt up like a dumplin? Ger caut!” The price of the monthly part is only fivepence, and it is a marvel of cheapness, considering the quantity and quality of the contents. With this enlarged *Journal* it will become more popular and more widely circulated than ever.—*Ashton Reporter*, February 8th.

All lovers of Lancashire literature will welcome the appearance of *Ben Brierley's Monthly Journal*, the first number of which was published this month. The weekly publication has for a long time had a high reputation for articles in the vernacular, and those in the new periodical are fully up to the standard. In addition to this, there is a good collection of “magazine stories,” so that the *Journal* will prove of interest to ordinary readers who do not understand or enjoy the subtleties of the Lancashire dialect. The contents of the number are very varied, so that everybody's taste will be satisfied. In addition to twenty-six lengthy stories, poems, and papers, there is a great number of interesting “scraps;” the whole combining to make the *Journal* an admirable means of passing an idle hour away.—*Southport Visitor*, February 4th.

People will now have the option of buying the *Journal* weekly or in parts of four weeks, as convenience or fancy may dictate. The alteration is thus one which adds dignity to the periodical and consults the interests of purchasers. We hope it may be attended with all the results its well-wishers anticipate.—*Cheshire County News*, January 31.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation, not only for its tales and sketches in the “native tongue,” but for the

general merits of its literary articles and “scraps.” It is now commenced in a new series, and published in monthly parts as well as weekly. The part before us is full of reading, contributed by good and racy writers, not the least of whom is the editor's friend, Mr. Ab-o'th'-Yate. Mr. Ben Brierley has now issued his journal for more than ten years, and a better magazine we do not know to recommend to general readers.—*Leigh Chronicle*, February 8th.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* is a household word in Lancashire; and much as it has been popular in these districts, we opine that in its new and more attractive form it will be a greater favourite with its numerous readers. “Ab-o'th'-Yate” has not yet exhausted his humour, and we anticipate now and again a pleasant and amusing effusion from his pen. Besides “Ab,” there is no lack of talent on the *Journal*, and in some of its articles, stories, and sketches, it will bear comparison with metropolitan journals of far higher pretensions.—*Oldham Chronicle*, January 29th.

The first part of the new series of this work has just come to hand. The contents are really charming, and cannot fail to brighten many a gloomy face. We recommend the work to our readers, feeling sure that its new form of appearance will, in itself, be commendable.—*Masbro' and Scinton Times*, January 31st.

The first monthly part of a new series of an old familiar journal in the “Lanky” dialect—*Ben Brierley's*—has been forwarded to us for notice. It gives a bit of everything “from grave to gay, from lively to severe.” It is in the language best understood by the masses of our Lancashire operatives, and contains exactly the kind of wit and humour which is most relished by the people of this and other towns and villages in the county palatine.—*Darwen News*, February 1st.

This journal is widening and improving its sphere—is aiming to be entertaining not only as a Lancashire, but as a general periodical; and we wish it success. For upwards of ten years the *Journal* has been established, charming during the period many with its stories and sketches; and now the editor, aided by duly-selected literary auxiliaries, means to make it yet more widely known and agreeable. The first monthly part, which has been sent to us, contains stories and sketches of various kinds—some in the dialect of the county—poetical and comical composition, biographical, antiquarian, scientific, and anecdotal matter; here and there we have an illustration; and altogether, considering its price and provincialism, it is a very deserving production. Lancashire people in particular ought to give a hearty support to this literary enterprise.—*Preston Chronicle*, February 1st.

Anything conducive to the acceptability of this

excellent periodical will always be viewed with satisfaction. The thoroughly wholesome style of its writings, the fact that Mr. Brierley and his associates possess the secret of being thoroughly amusing, and making a bid for the most extended popularity, without descending to the arts of the “penny dreadful,” renders the journal in question one which it is desirable to encourage. In its own line we do not know that *Ben Brierley's Journal* has a rival. In any other part of England it is very probably without a competitor; in Lancashire, this is true certainly. From Jan., 1879, the journal, although the weekly issues will still be continued, will take rank among the “monthlies.”—*Stockport Chronicle*, Jan. 31st.

Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, of Manchester, send us a copy of *Ben Brierley's Journal* (5d.) This is full of stories well suited to the tastes of the good folk of Lancashire, and the very name of the journal has a ring of good-fellowship about it which should secure a large circulation amongst those who love a “gradely honest mon.”—*The Fountain*, February 6th.

It is with pleasure we greet the first monthly number of this journal, and we are persuaded that it will be well received by the admirers of Lancashire dialect. When we see such names as Ben Brierley, E. A. Axon, J. Barnes, and other prominent writers, who contribute largely to this periodical, we may be sure that it contains some enjoyable reading, and this issue does credit to all concerned.—*Salford Chronicle*, February 8th.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* has entered upon a new series, and is taking new paths, while the old ones are not neglected. The fresh spurt which has been made is one which is sure to commend itself to a wider field of readers, and to readers of broader and more varied tastes. In addition to the weekly issue there is now a monthly number, the first of which is before us. It contains a good deal to specially interest readers in this neighbourhood. *Ben Brierley's Journal* is trying to deserve greater success, and we have no doubt it will achieve it.—*Eccles Advertiser*, February 8th.

*Ben Brierley's Journal* contains a fair amount of entertaining matter; and, cultivating as it does the vernacular to a very large extent, it is an especial favourite with Lancashire readers. With January of the present year was commenced a new series, into which several improvements are introduced. Though the matter is chiefly what might be termed “light” in its complexion, yet there are not wanting contributions of a solid character, and several of these are illustrated with characteristic woodcuts. It is, taken as a whole, a cheap and ably-conducted popular serial.—*Barnsley Chronicle*, February 15th.

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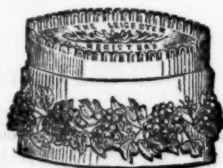
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THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.



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Stamps. Be careful to ask for Latreille's Excelsior  
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A very general impression prevails among the  
people of this country that Brandy is distilled by  
the merchants abroad who ship it to this country  
and whose names have in the popular mind be-  
come synonymous with the words "Cognac  
Brandy."

A very short explanation will show how totally  
without foundation this impression is. Brandy  
is really made by the numerous large and small  
proprietors of vineyards around Cognac, in the  
Charente Inferieure, who in the first instance  
make their grapes into wine, and, as soon as the  
fermentation has ceased, set to work and distil  
the wine, the spirit from which is the fine Brandy  
of Commerce. Immediately after the distillation  
is completed, the Brandy is purchased in large  
quantities by the Cognac merchants, who ship  
it to the various markets for which they have  
orders. The farmers take their Brandy to market  
just as farmers here do their corn, and, as a rule,  
vie with each other in their endeavours to get a  
name for quality; and each acts on his judgment  
in selling, some selling at once, some preferring  
to hold over and sell it when old, and some doing  
both. A great quantity of each year's produce is  
purchased in this country and brought over at  
once, and kept in bond till such time as it is  
wanted for use. It is a mistake the public make  
to suppose that because Brandy is bottled in  
France, and bears this name or that, it is there-  
fore better or older than what respectable  
merchants sell in England. That which comes  
in bottle is precisely the same quality of Brandy  
as that which comes in cask, and, as a rule, it is  
sent younger and costs more—owing to expenses  
in putting up, extra freight, and the astuteness  
of shippers abroad in taking advantage of pre-  
judice to charge additional for that they put in  
cases—than what regular merchants in England  
put up themselves, as they keep it in bond, in  
cask, till fully matured. We advise the public  
to place no confidence whatever on the mere  
PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE IN BOTTLE IN  
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We can give the very Finest

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A CHEAP EXCURSION TRAIN TO  
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FOR ONE OR THREE DAYS.

By the Midland Railway Company's Route through the  
Peak of Derbyshire, will run as under:—

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Marple, 1-12 a.m.; arriving at St. Pancras about  
6-40 a.m.

Returning from St. Pancras at 11-0 p.m., and Ken-  
tish Town at 11-5 p.m. on SATURDAY, April 5th, or MON-  
DAY, April 7th.

Children under Three years of age, Free; above Three  
and under Twelve, Half Fare. The tickets are not  
transferable, and will be available for returning by these  
trains only. Luggage must be conveyed under the  
Passengers' own care, as the Company will not be  
responsible.

Ten Minutes will be allowed at Trent Station for  
refreshments both in going and returning.

**JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.**  
Derby, March, 1879.

**LANCASHIRE & YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.**  
**PONTEFRAC T SPRING RACES.**

ON THURSDAY and FRIDAY, April  
3 and 4, EXCURSION TRAINS will be run to  
PONTEFRAC T and back from Manchester, Salford,  
Ashton, Middleton, Oldham, Bolton, Bury, Heywood,  
Rochdale, Todmorden, &c. See Bills for particulars.  
WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

**LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.**

**EASTER HOLIDAYS.**

ON GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER  
MONDAY, April 11th and 14th, EXCURSION  
TRAINS will run to BLACKPOOL, LUTHERAM, LIVER-  
POOL, and SOUTHPORT, from Manchester, Salford,  
Ashton, Middleton, Oldham, Bolton, Bury, Heywood,  
Rochdale, Todmorden, &c. See Bills for particulars.  
WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

On the same dates, an EXCURSION TRAIN will run  
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CHATBURN.

On April 11th, 12th, and 14th, EXCURSION TICKETS  
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